



NO MAN!
NO GUN!
NOTHING
CAN STOP
LASH
LA RUE
FROM
DOING
HIS JOB.
DON'T
MISS
THIS
HERO
IN
ACTION!!

EXCITING WESTERN THRILLER

SEPTEMBER

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

LASH LA RUE

WESTERN

LASH LA RUE

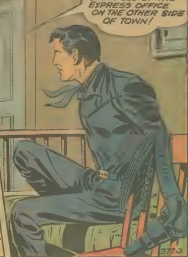
in

THE SCARECROW BANDIT!

SUNFIRE SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE WESTERN NIGHT, AS A MASKED BANDIT SHOOTS HIS WAY OUT OF THE EXPRESS OFFICE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

MARSHAL LA RUE! THE MASKED BANDIT JUST HELD UP THE EXPRESS OFFICE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!



THIS IS JUST WHAT LA RUE'S BEEN HOUNG UP HERE FOR... FOR THAT MASKED BANDIT TO STRIKE AGAIN!

WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THAT SLIPPERY COYOTE'S BEHIND BARS... NOW THAT LA RUE'S ON HIS TRAIL!



HE WENT THAT WAY, MARSHAL!

WE'LL BE WAITING UP FOR YOU, MARSHAL! THERE ISN'T A MAN HERE WHO WOULDN'T GIVE AN EYE TOOTH TO KNOW HOW THAT COYOTE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

AND SO
ROWING
MARSHAL
LASH LA RUE
SETS OUT
GRIMLY ON
THE TRAIL OF
THE MYSTER-
IOUS BANDIT
WHO HAS
PULLED JOB
AFTER JOB
IN THIS LARGE
TOWN, AND
ALWAYS
MANAGED TO
ELUDE CAP-
TURE BY
DISAPPEAR-
ING INTO
THIN AIR!



MEANWHILE...

THEY ALL THINK
I'M A GONER
BECAUSE LA RUE'S
AFTER ME! I'LL
LOSE HIM THE
SAME WAY I
LOST ALL THE
OTHERS!



SUDDENLY, AFTER A SHARP BEND IN
THE TRAIL...

UP I GO,
WHILE MY
LOOT STAYS
IN THE
SADDLEBAGS!



NOW I
MOSEY
ALONG IN
THESE
BRANCHES TILL
I MEET "MY"
FRIEND!



HOWDY, "FRIEND"...
HERE, I AM AGAIN!
NOW FOR A QUICK
CHANGE!



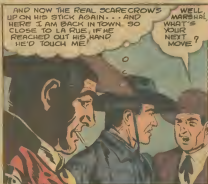
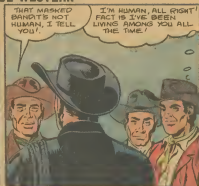
SORRY, "FRIEND" BUT
BOTH OF US CAN'T
BE UP HERE
TOGETHER!



BECAUSE, IF ANYBODY
SAW TWO SCARE CROWS
THEY MIGHT GET THE IDEA
THAT ONE OF US WAS
THE MASKED
BANDIT!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

THIS TREE LIMB RIGHT OVERHEAD! YIP IT FIGURES THE BANDIT PULLED HIMSELF UP HERE! AND WITH HIS HORSE, RIDERLESS, IT WAS NO WONDER THAT I COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH HIM AFTERWARDS.



THESE SMALL BRANCHES TORN OFF... THAT SPUR SCRATCHED BARK! THE MASKED BANDIT LEFT A TRAIL, ALL RIGHT... RIGHT THROUGH THESE TREES!



THE TRAIL ENDS HERE! NOW WHERE DO HE GO NO PLACE AROUND HERE TO HIDE... NOTHING HERE BUT THAT SCARECROW!



RED CLAY! HOW COME THE SCARECROWS SMEARED WITH RED CLAY...?



THAT NIGHT...

FIND ANYTHING, MARSHAL?

NOT YET! BUT I AIM TO KEEP TRYING!

OTEL



A WEEK LATER...

LA RUE'S LEAVING TOWN! HE CLAIMS HE'S NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

THAT'S HIS STORY BUT WE KNOW THE TRUTH! THE MASKED BANDITS TOO SMART FOR HIM... THE MARSHAL'S GIVEN UP!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

THE CHASE
FOLLOWS
THE SAME
PATTERN
AS ALL
THE
OTHERS!
A POSSE
IN GRIM
Pursuit
GRADUALLY
GAINING
GROUND
ON THEIR
QUARRY...



AND AFTER THE SHARP BEND IN
THE TRAIL....



... THE PATTERN...



... IS STILL THE SAME!



BUT HERE IS WHERE THE PATTERN
CHANGES!



NO!!
NO!!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN



THAT'S RIGHT! AND LASH LA RUE AT THE OTHER END OF IT! THE DAY I WENT BACK OVER THE TRAIL, I FOUND RED CLAY SMEARED ALL OVER THE REAL SCARECROW! THE ONLY RED CLAY HERE - ABOUTS IS THAT NEARBY GULLEY! THE CLAY WAS FRESH... THAT MEANT THE SCARECROW WAS LYING THERE THE NIGHT I WAS LOOKING FOR THE MASKED BANDIT!



THEN I KNEW HOW YOU MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR, BUT I STILL DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE! SO I PRETENDED TO GIVE UP THE CASE AND LEFT TOWN! I KNEW THAT BIG GOLD SHIPMENT WAS EXPECTED.. I FIGURED YOUR TRYING FOR IT!



INSTEAD OF WAITING FOR YOU IN TOWN WHERE FOLKS COULD GET HURT IN THE FRACAS, I CAME HERE AND WAITED! NOW YOU'RE HERE, ALL THAT'S LEFT TO DO IS PUT THE REAL SCARECROW BACK IN PLACE....!



THE END

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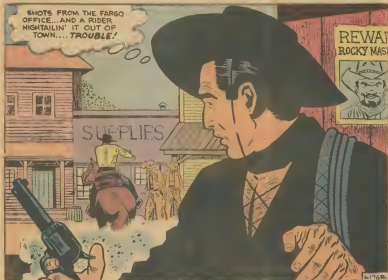
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LASH LARUE WESTERN

LASH LARUE

PINE BEND HAD A FINE SHERIFF IN BRET CASTLE, A MAN WHOSE LIFE WAS DEDICATED TO TWO THINGS... HIS JOB, AND HIS MOTHERLESS SON, DAN! THEN THE WELLS-FARGO OFFICE IN PINE BEND WAS HELD UP AND LASH LARUE AND SHERIFF CASTLE RODE ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANDIT... THE BANDIT WHO RODE DAN CASTLE'S HORSE!

BLOOD IS THICKER



LASH LARUE WESTERN

LASH WAS OUTSIDE EXAMINING THE TRACKS OF THE BANDIT'S HORSE WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVED!

I SAW ANDY AN' GOT THE DESCRIPTION, LASH!

THIS WAS A PINKTO HOSS WITH A CRACKED LEFT FORE-SHOE... WORN THIN! WE'D BETTER GET ON THE TRAIL!



WELL...NO GREAT RUSH I RECKON! WE CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL LATER ON AN...

WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, BRET? HE'S LIABLE TO GET AWAY! GO AN' GET YOUR GEAR!



SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS! BRET'S NEVER BEEN THE ONE TO WASTE A MINUTE. TRAILIN' A TOUGH MAYBE HE'S SICK!



WHILE HE WAITED FOR THE SHERIFF, LASH MADE A FEW INQUIRIES!

YOU COME ACROSS A PINKTO, BOUT FOURTEEN HANDS HIGH WITH A WORN LEFT FORE-SHOE, CRACKED THROUGH?

LEMME THINK! SEEMS LIKE...



WHY SURE, NOW I REMEMBER! THAT'D BE YOUNG DAN CASTLE'S PONY! HE WAS IN YESTERDAY AN' I LOOKED AT THAT SHOE, BUT I HAD THE BAR X STRING TO FIX FIRST! HE SAID HE'D BE BACK TODAY FOR A NEW SHOE!

DAN CASTLE... THE SHERIFF'S SON!

I'M READY NOW, LASH!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

THEY RODE OUT OF FINE BEND ON THE TRAIL OF THE BANDIT!

HE KNOWS! THAT'S WHY HE'S SO RELUCTANT TO TAKE THE TRAIL! THIS IS GOING TO BE HARD! WHICH WAY WILL HE BEND? IS BLOOD THICKER THAN THE STAR HE WEARS?

MAYBE WE BETTER CUT ACROSS THE ARROYO, LASH!



NO, WE'D BEST STICK TO THE TRAIL! HE CAN'T RIDE TOO FAR ON THAT HOSS!

LASH, I... AH... WE'D BEST REST THE HOSES A BIT! MINE'S TIRED!



Y'KNOW, LASH. I KEEP THINKIN' THAT A BOY... LIKE MY DAN FOR INSTANCE, SHOULD HAVE A MOTHER. I DO MY BEST, BUT I'VE GOT MY JOB AN... WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE HAVIN' A MOTHER!

YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING FOR DAN!



BUT, HE'S TAKIN' TO RIDIN' WITH A COUPLE OF RECKLESS FELLERS LATELY! HIS AGE! WILD KIND OF 'I TOLD HIM TO KEEP SHY OF 'EM' BUT HE'S STUBBORN... WE HAD AN ARGUMENT!

TIME WE GOT MOVIN' BRET... LET'S GO!



THEY RODE ON, EACH WITH HIS OWN THOUGHTS....

TRAIL LEADS TO THAT CABIN! WE'LL MOVE CLOSE AN' SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



LASH LARUE WESTERN

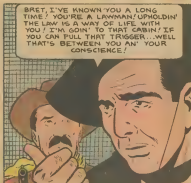
WELL, HE'S IN THERE, ALL RIGHT! LOOK BEHIND THE CABIN AN' YOU'LL SEE THE PINTO! I'LL GIVE HIM ONE CHANCE BEFORE I RUSH THAT CABIN! YOU IN THERE! THROW YOUR GUN OUT AN'.... THAT DOES IT!



HOLD IT LASH, I'VE GOT MY GUN POINTED AT YOU! THAT'S DAN'S HOSS! AN THE DESCRIPTION OF THE BANDIT FITS DAN! YOU'VE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG... AS I HAVE! I AIN'T GONNA LET YOU RUSH THAT CABIN AN' SHOOT IT OUT WITH MY BOY!



BRET, I'VE KNOWN YOU A LONG TIME! YOU'RE A LAWMAN! UPHOLDIN' THE LAW IS A WAY OF LIFE WITH YOU! I'M GOIN' TO THAT CABIN! IF YOU CAN PULL THAT TRIGGER... WELL THAT'S BETWEEN YOU AN' YOUR CONSCIENCE!



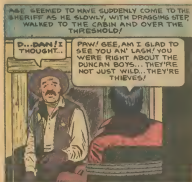
LASH.... NO!!



DROP THAT GUN.... YOU'RE THROUGH!



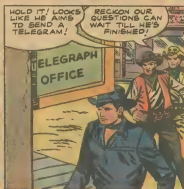
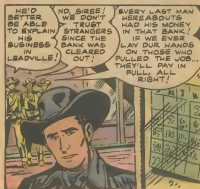
LASH LARUE WESTERN



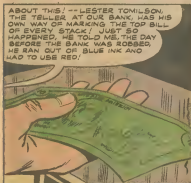
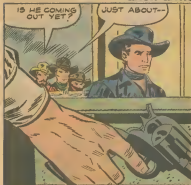
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LASH LARUE WESTERN

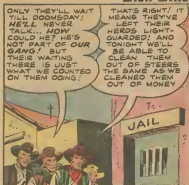
LASH LARUE in *MARKED MONEY*



LASH LARUE WESTERN



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

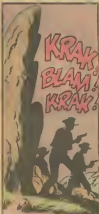


LASH LA RUE WESTERN

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAME TO BE HEREABOUTS TONIGHT, LA RUE, BUT YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU COULD HANDLE... THAT'S FOR SURE!



THE SHERIFF! HE AND LA RUE WERE WORKING TOGETHER!



THAT'S RIGHT! SOON AS I IDENTIFIED MYSELF, HE AND I PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER! YOU SEE, THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE FIGURED THAT BANK JOB WAS PULLED BY SOMEBODY INSIDE LEADVILLE! THAT'S WHY I RODE IN AS I DID, SO I'D HAVE A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED! DEXTER WAS WAITING TO PLANT THAT MARKED BILL ON THE FIRST STRANGER TO COME IN... AND THAT STRANGER WAS ME!



WHEN THE SHERIFF LEARNED WHO I WAS HE CALLED IN A FEW LEVEL HEADED MEN-- AND WE HAD A LONG TALK!

DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO FIGURE OUT THAT DEXTER HAD PLANTED THE MONEY!

AND THEN BY READING DEXTER'S TRAIL FROM BACK AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE, THE MARSHAL LED US RIGHT HERE!

BY THE WAY, MARSHAL, DID YOU SEND THAT TELEGRAM?

NOPE! SAW A CALENDAR IN A STORE WINDOW, AND IT REMINDED ME ABOUT MY OLD AUNT HESTER'S BIRTHDAY! AND KNOWING HOW AUNT HESTER HATES OWLHOOTS SHE'LL BE JUST AS TICKLED BY WHAT THAT BIRTHDAY GREETING HAS LEO TO!



GUNSMOKE PAYMENT!

KING COLTON'S BULLY-BOYS CLOSED IN ON THE MAN KNOWN AS CRAGG... HE'D DARED TO BUCK KING AND THE FOLKS IN THE TOWN, HIDING FROM THE FLYING LEAD, WONDERED WHY-WHY SHOULD CRAGG, A STRANGER, RILE KING COLTON AND HIS GUNHAWK HANDS INTO A SHOWDOWN FOR THE SAKE OF A SMALL RANCHER?



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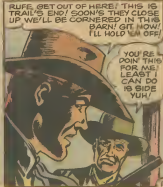
LEAD FLEW FASTER, BUZZED CLOSER! CRAGG SLID INTO THE HUGE BARN... A MAN LIMPED TOWARD HIM OUT OF THE DARKNESS!

HOLD YOUR LEAD CRAGG, IT'S ME, RUFE!



RUFE, GET OUT OF HERE! THIS IS TRAIL'S END! SOON'S THEY CLOSE UP WE'LL BE CORNERED IN THIS BARN! GIT NOW! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!

YOU'RE DOIN' THIS FOR ME! LEAST I CAN DO IS SIDE YUH!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

CRAGG'S MOUTH SHAPED TO BITTERNESS...

NO, I'M NOT
DOIN' THIS JUST
FOR YOU, RUFE.
I'M DOIN' IT
FOR ME, TOO!



THE ECHO OF RUFE'S WORDS BROUGHT BACK
MEMORIES TO CRAGG—MEMORIES OF A
WEEK AGO WHEN HE HAD RIDDEN UP TO
RUFE'S RANCH...



MEN HAD
RIDDEN UP
BEFORE HIM,
TOUGH,
GUNHAWK
RIDERS,
AND HAD
RUN OFF
RUFE'S CATTLE.
CRAGG
RODE IN
ON THEM,
HIS GUNS
TALKING...



THIS
STRANGER'S
A FAST
GUN! WE
DONE OUR
WORK...
RIDE OUT!
NO USE
CATCHIN'
LEAD!



THANKS, STRANGER!
YUH CAME ALONG AT
A HANDY TIME!



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

THERE'S A GENT
NAMED KING
COLTON IN THIS
VALLEY, A BIG
RANCHER WHO
WANTS TO BE
BIGGER! HE AIMS
TO DRIVE US SMALL
RANCHERS OUT AN'
TAKE OVER!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

IT AIN'T JUST MY RANCH HE WANTS... HE WANTS MY DAUGHTER, HELEN, TOO! I TOLD HIM NEITHER WAS FOR SALE! THIS IS HIS ANSWER!



IF KIP WERE ONLY HERE...

KIP WAS MY SON! A FINE BOY! HE'D FACE UP TO KING AN' HE'D RALLY THE RANCHERS, BUT HE'S DEAD, SHOT DOWN BY A MARSHAL IN VIRGINIA CITY, A MAN NAME OF MAT MASON. MAYBE YUH HEARD OF THE COYOTE?



I'VE HEARD OF HIM!



YEAH! LOTS OF FOLKS HAVE HEARD WHAT A WONDERFUL MAN AN' MARSHAL HE IS! BUT WE KNOW WHAT HE REALLY IS, A GUN-POISON PUP! KIP WAS A GOOD BOY... HE'D NEVER DO NOTHIN' TO BE SHOT DOWN FOR!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?



CRAGGS... AN' I'D LIKE TO HIRE ON WITH YOU! I LIKE GUN-SMOKE AN' I DON'T LIKE TO SEE SMALL MEN PUSHED AROUND BY BIGGER ONES!



I SURE COULD USE A MAN, NOW KIP'S GONE! BUT I CAN'T RAISE WAGES EVEN! KING'S SEEN TO THAT!



FORGET ABOUT WAGES! I'M HEELED! I'LL WORK FOR—LET'S CALL IT—THE FUN OF IT!

IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS HE'D LEARNED THE LAY OF THE LAND, HE LISTENED AND HE'D WATCHED.



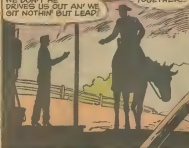
YOU WERE ASKIN' ABOUT KING COLTON... THAT'S HIM! NEVER BEEN BEAT IN A FIGHT OR ANYTHIN' ELSE!

LASH LA RUE WESTERN

HE'D TALKED TO THE RANCHERS...

CRAGG, THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WE CAN DO BUT SELL TO KING! IF WE DON'T HE DRIVES US OUT AN' WE GOT NOTHIN' BUT LEAD!

BUT IF YOU JOINED TOGETHER...



WE'RE RANCHERS WITH FAMILIES... WE AIN'T GUN-FIGHTERS LIKE KING'S MEN! IT AIN'T NO USE, CRAGG! THE FOLKS WHO HAVE BUSINESSES IN TOWN FEEL THE SAME WAY! NOBODY'LL BUCK KING!



BITTER, ANGERED, CRAGG HAD DONE THE ONLY THING HE KNEW!



YOU'RE KING COLTON AN' I'M CRAGG, WORKIN' FOR RUFE BASO! I CAME TO WARN YUH--LAY OFF THE SMALL RANCHERS, ESPECIALLY RUFE, OR I'LL COME FOR YOU PERSONALLY! YOU'RE THRU PUSHIN' FOLKS AROUND!

YOU TALK BIG FOR A STRANGER, CRAGG! NOW I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN'... NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY TO ME! NOBODY BUCKS ME!

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE TOWN... EXCEPT FEET FIRST!



BEFORE HE COULD GET TO HIS HORSE THEY'D COME FOR HIM, CLOSING IN AND TRAPPING HIM IN THIS BARN!

ONE OF 'EM COMING!

NO, RUFE!



HELEN! I ALMOST SHOT YUH! IF CRAGG HADN'T...

KING AND TWO MEN ARE COMING UP THE SIDE! THERE'S A WINDOW IN THE HAYLOFT!



LASH LA RUE WESTERN

CRAGG CRAWLED TO THE WINDOW AND AS KING MOVED BY UNDERNEATH, HE MADE HIS DESPERATE PLAY!



WHAT TH...

MEN! OVER HERE!

IT AIN'T ANY USE, CRAGG! TOO MANY OF 'EM!



ALL YOU KING RIDERS, DROP YOUR GUNS! CRAGG, YUH JUST ABOUT SHAMED US TOWNFOLK AN' THE SMALL RANCHERS INTO ACTIN' LIKE MEN, 'STEAD OF SCARED RABBITS!



I'LL SHOW YUH WHO'S BOSS AN' I'LL START WITH THIS NOSEY... OOOFFFFF!



I'M GONNA PROVE TO YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO BEAT YOU, AN' GIVE YUH THE TASTE OF DEFEAT FOR A CHANGE!

IT WAS OVER IN A FEW MINUTES AND KING COLTON WAS A BEATEN AND BROKEN MAN!



HE WON'T TRY NO SHENNANIG-ANS AGAIN!

RUFF, IT'S OVER! NOW I'VE GOTTA TELL YUH... I'M MAT MASON, THE MARSHAL WHO SHOT YOUR BOY!

I WAS CORNERED BY TOUGHS, JUST AS WE WERE! KIP CAME TO HELP ME, AS HELEN DID WITH US, BUT THERE WAS NO ONE THERE TO STOP MY GUNHAND LIKE I STOPPED YOURS! IT'S DRIVEN ME NEAR CRAZY! THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE!



CRAGG! GIVE US A LITTLE TIME! THEN RIDE BACK HERE!

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PETE COTTER'S RIDE!

Smoke signals had been rising for a week. The Yellowlegs from the fort combed the hills, taking the ranchers with them, forcing the prospectors to leave their claims. Captain Burke Williams was blazing mad at the attitude of the men who had to be forced to leave the hills.

"You'd think they WANTED to lose their hair," he growled at Sergeant Dan Egan. "We know Red Cloud's bucks are painted for war! Still, they insist on staying out here grubbing for gold they'll probably never find!"

The sergeant wasn't as upset as the cavalry officer. "They're hard men, Sir. They figure they can make out all right on their own. One, I know, Pete Cotter, will sure make it rough on any Injuns who try to take his hair!"

Captain Williams glared. "Cotter! Where is he anyhow? The colonel mentioned him in particular when he sent me out to round up the prospectors."

Pete Cotter, at that moment, was eight miles away, deeper in the hills. He had a hole cut into the rocky ledge, a ledge gleaming with raw gold. But he wasn't digging; he was watching two Indian braves scanning the ground down near the spring. He knew they'd find him in another hour. He had to make his move.

He packed the dust and nuggets carefully into buckskin bags and stowed them in his pockets. Then, he wormed out to the brush where his big roan was picketed. The horse smelled the Indians too. He didn't make a sound as Pete threw a saddle on his back.

He caught a glimpse of the two braves near the spring. They'd spotted his tracks already. He swung into the saddle, holding the burlap sack carefully in front of him. The prospector worked his way around the back of the hill, then headed down the valley toward the fort. So far, he hadn't been seen.

Pete Cotter covered two miles before he heard a shrill whoop ring down the hill after him. He put his horse into an easy gallop, counting off the eight miles ahead. He saw the Indian war party flow down off the ridge up and a little ahead, trying to cut him off.

"Come on, Rusty, make dust," he pleaded as he angled over toward the middle of the grassy valley. There was no cover, nowhere to hide. His horse had stamina but Pete knew the Indians had faster ponies. They were getting closer already, he saw as he passed the marker indicating he was only five miles from the fort.

The miles went by slowly and more and more Indians swarmed down to join the pursuit. Red Cloud had planned a surprise attack on all the whites in the hills. Now, with the cavalry out on patrol, there was only this one victim left. And he threatened to get away. Red Cloud led the chase. Four hundred warriors lashed at their ponies, eager to be the one to count coup on the only enemy.

Pete Cotter had been watching it all develop. He knew Red Cloud was back there. He'd watched Captain Burke Williams lead his column into the badlands, taking the Y fork that paralleled the valley he was riding in now. He was digesting all the variables involved as he rode and he made a decision.

"Rusty, old horse, we'll be penned up in the fort for a month," he grunted, slowing the running horse a little. "If them lojuns don't get hauled in an' sent back to the reservation, I may not get back to the pocket all winter!"

He half turned, gauging the speed of his pursuers. Then, he looked ahead to where the ridge on his left ended where the two arms of the valley joined. The wind was making a racket but he thought he heard a sound that made him laugh out loud. "Slow down, boy! We're almost there!"

The fort was only two miles ahead; but the Indians were only two hundred yards to the rear as Pete Cotter passed the end of the ridge! He looked back and shook his fist at the nearest warriors, enraging them further. They lashed at their mounts, ignoring everything in their eagerness to close in!

Not one of them saw the cavalry column a quarter of a mile up the other valley. They streamed down, nearer and nearer, their leading bucks firing at the prospector. He was laughing as he looked back. The bugle call signalling the charge sounded too late for the Indians to retreat. At the same time, from the fort ahead, another column moved out. There was no escape for Red Cloud's bunch.

Pete Cotter swung his horse and joined Captain Williams' cavalry as they smashed into the leading braves. Pete spotted Red Cloud trying to turn away. He left his saddle in a dive that put them both on the grass.

"Hold still, Red Cloud! We'll need you to take your boys back to the teepees!"

Pete held the war chief helpless and the bucks quit when they saw their leader had given up. Captain Williams had his troopers begin marching the captives toward the fort. He grinned at Sergeant Egan who was pounding Cotter on the back.

"I told you he could take care of himself, Captain!"

Pete Cotter laughed. "It wasn't EUCK, Captain. I knew where your column was and I knew where the Indians were. When the time came, I figured, I'd just try to bring you together! That's what happened, ain't it?"

Cotter grinned, pulling a big gleaming nugget from his vest pocket. "I been prospectin' a long time — I finally struck it rich! Yuh don't think I'd let a bunch of Injuns keep me from diggin' it, do yuh?"

IN **DOUBLE TROUBLE**

WHO WAS THE MAN THAT USED LARUE'S NAME ... THE MAN WHO WORE A BADGE AND USED A BULLWHIP LIKE THE MASTER HIMSELF? THE MARSHAL HAD NO DIFFICULTY TRACKING DOWN SNAKE FENTON -- THE RUCKUS STARTED WHEN THEY MET FACE TO FACE -- BULLWHIP TO BULLWHIP!

LASH LARUE

"YOU'RE SLIPPIN', LARUE! IF YUH LET GO, THEY'LL KNOW I'VE WON! IF YUH DON'T, IT'S A LONG WAY TUH THE GROUND!"



THE RINGING MARSHAL HAD HEARD RUMORS OF A MAN MASQUERADING AS LASH LARUE -- BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL LEAD FANNED HIS EARS AND THE MOB RODE UP THAT IT BECAME MORE THAN RUMOR...

"WHOA, RUSH! THEM JASPERS MEAN BUSINESS!"



"GET 'EM UP, LARUE! YUH DOWNED RIP LAKE WITHOUT A CHANCE!"

"YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN, MISTER!"



LASH LARUE WESTERN



YOU
VE!
HE
KNOW
IT
WAS
YOU!

SLOW DOWN, SAM!
I TOLD YOU LASH
DIDN'T DO IT!



SUPPOSE YOU CALM
DOWN AND TELL
ME WHAT
HAPPENED!

SOMEONE ROB-
BED THE STAGE
OFFICE! HE SHOT
OLD RIPLAKE! YOU
DID IT! JOE SAW THE
BADGE AND WHIP!

IT
TOOK
LASH
HOURS
TO
CLEAR
HIMSELF!
HE LED
THE
POSSE
TO THE
RANCH
WHERE
HE'D
SPENT
THE NIGHT!
AFTER HE
WAS
CLEAR,
HE BE-
GAN
ASKING
QUESTIONS...



GOOD
LUCK,
LASH!
I'M SORRY
I BLEW
UP!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
I'LL FIND THE MAN
WHO DID IT!



LARUE HEADED SOUTH... HE HAD
LITTLE MORE TO GO ON, BUT HE
REMEMBERED SOMETHING FROM
THE PAST...

SNAKE FENTON
WAS HANDY WITH A BULLWHIP BE-
FORE I SENT HIM TO PRISON! HE'LL
BE IN LANDERS IF HE'S FREE --
GETTIN' EVEN
THIS WAY!



HERE'S LANDERS--I HOPE
SNAKE FENTON IS HERE!

THE
MARSHAL'S
KEEN
EARS
HEARD
A
RIFLE
BOLT
CLICK-
ING
HOME..
HE
DUCKED,
AND...



BAM!

LASH LARUE WESTERN

THE MARSHAL REINED RUSH AROUND AND HEADED FOR THE STABLE / HE WAS TOO LATE...THE BUSH-WHACKER WAS GONE...

THAT WAS CLOSE! SNAKE FENTON WAS GOOD WITH A RIFLE!



YEAH MARSHAL IT'S ME -- SNAKE FENTON! GOT TROUBLES?

NOT ANY MORE! I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU!



HEAR THAT MIKE? HE'S LOOKING FOR ME! WELL, HERE I AM, LARUE! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU!

I FIGURED YUH WERE FENTON!



COVER 'IM, MIKE! I'M GONNA SHOW 'IM SOME FANCY STUFF WITH A BULLWHIP!



IT WON'T WORK, FENTON!



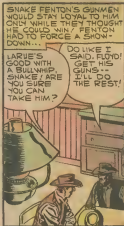
NO, YUH DON'T, SNAKE!



LASH LARUE WESTERN



FENTON SWUNG, AND MISSED! HE KICKED HIGH... AND MISSED AGAIN! THE MARSHAL ONLY SWUNG ONCE BUT...



LASH LARUE WESTERN



FENTON POPPED AT LASH TWICE... THEN THE MARSHAL WENT INTO ACTION! HIS FIRST BLOW WAS AT FENTON'S WHIP HAND...



THE MARSHAL GOT FENTON ON THE RUN... HE DASHED INTO THE HOTEL NEARBY, LARUE WENT AFTER HIM, STRAIGHT UP TO THE ROOF...

YOU CAN'T CROSS OVER NOW! WE'LL FINISH IT HERE, LARUE! THE LOSER TAKES A LONG DROP!

FENTON SHOT HIS WHIP OUT... LARUE DIDN'T TRY TO GET FENTON! HIS WHIP TRAPPED THE OUT-LAW'S AND...



LASH PRETENDED TO WEAKEN! FENTON SHIFTED HIS FEET FOR A HARDER PULL AND...

I'LL GET... YEAHHH!

HANG ONTO THE WHIP, SHAKE! IT'LL BREAK YOUR FALL!



LATER, AFTER SHAKE FENTON AND HIS BOYS WERE IN JAIL...

I SHOULD'VE LET YOU DROP, FENTON! YOU TRIED TO FRAME ME FOR YOUR CRIMES! YOU BIRDS NEVER LEARN. DO YOU?



BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

GIVEN! GIVEN! YES, WE GIVE YOU PREMIUMS or CASH!



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